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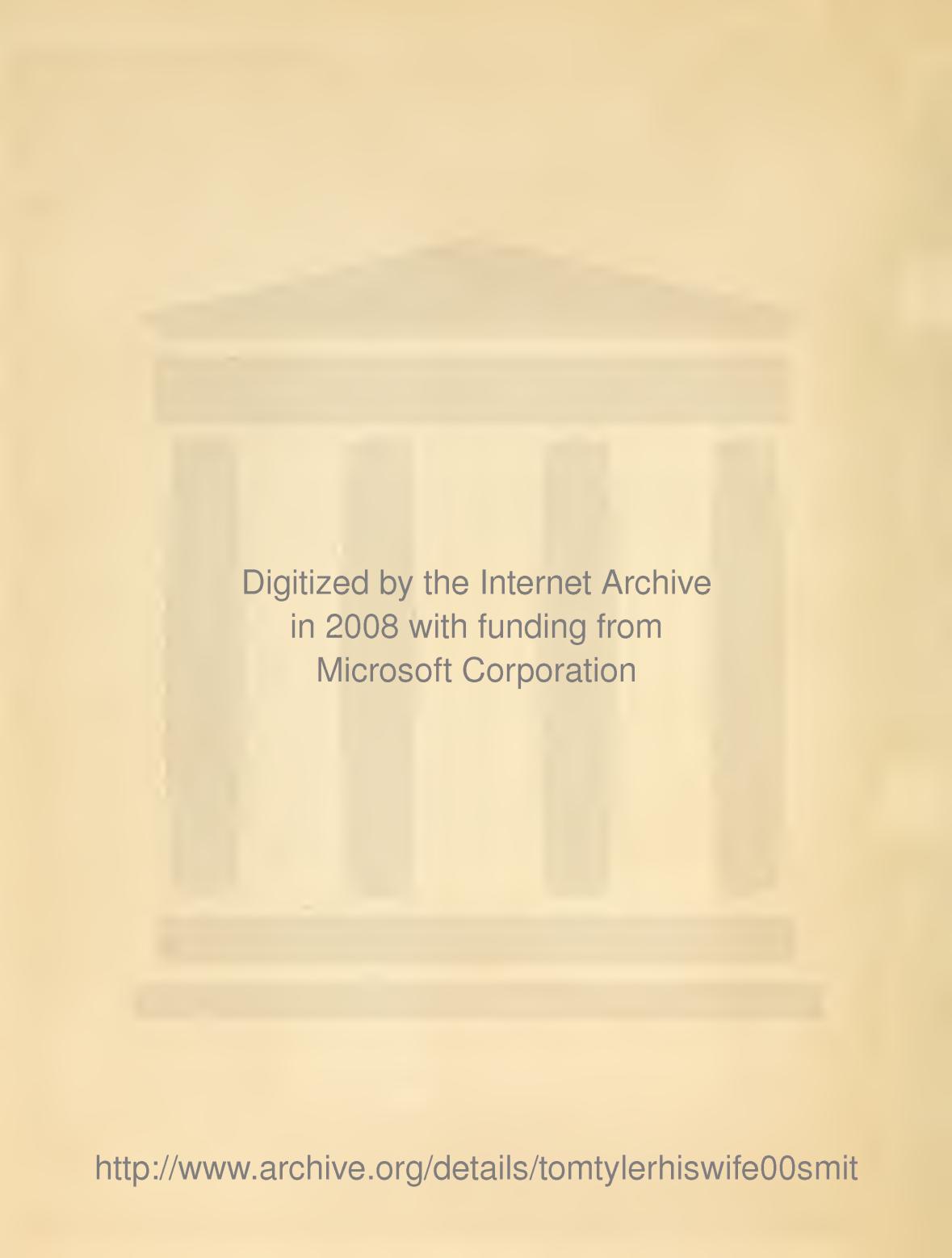


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the following table:

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AT THE CHISWICK
PRESS

TOM TYLER AND HIS WIFE



THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1910

This reprint of *Tom Tyler and his Wife* has been prepared by G. C. Moore Smith and the General Editor jointly.

July 1910.

W. W. Greg.

TOM TYLER AND HIS WIFE.

page v, line 14

for titling print *read* titling fount

Malone Society.

Oct. 1910.

PR
2411
T6
1910

THE old play or interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife* has come down to us in an edition printed in quarto in 1661. It bears neither printer's nor stationer's name, but from a booksellers' list usually found appended to extant copies it may be inferred that the play was published by Francis Kirkman. The quarto is printed in black-letter in a type about the size of modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), which is here, as usual, replaced by Small Pica, thin leaded. The late date explains the use of *j* and *u* initially and *v* medially, but a roman upper-case *J* is used, no such sort existing in black-letter. The ligatures for *oo* and *ee* (the first *e* accented) occasionally appear, but are disregarded in the reprint, as are also the frequent examples of a roman titling print, with which the printer eked out an upper case insufficient to meet the demands of the speakers' names. The quarto is by no means uncommon, copies being found in the British Museum, Bodleian, Dyce, Trinity College Cambridge, and other libraries. Of these the Douce copy in the Bodleian and the Capell copy at Trinity College have been collated throughout, while frequent reference has been made to the two copies preserved in the British Museum. So far as the text is concerned no variations beyond slight imperfections of the impression have been observed (see ll. 112, 510, 649 in list). The title of the Capell copy, however, is peculiar in making no mention of the booksellers' catalogue, whereas all the other copies mentioned above agree in inserting the words: 'Together, with an exact *Catalogue* of all the playes that were ever yet printed.' In this respect the present reprint follows the Capell copy, but photographic reproductions of both varieties have been included. The heading of the catalogue runs as follows: 'A True, perfect, and exact Catalogue of all the Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-Come-

dies, Pastorals, Masques and Interludes, that were ever yet printed and published, till this present year 1661. all which you may either buy or sell at the several shops of *Nath. Brook* at the Angel in *Cornhil*, *Francis Kirkman* at the *John Fletchers Head*, on the Back-side of *St. Clements*, at the *Golden Key* in *St. Pauls* Churchyard, and *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Arms* in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*. 1661.' That Kirkman was the prime mover in this venture seems certain; he was not only foremost among London stationers in reprinting old plays about this date, but ten years later he issued a revised edition of this very Catalogue under his own name alone and with a preface signed by himself. The Catalogue is not included in the present reprint. Its interest is bibliographical rather than literary and it has already been edited along with several similar lists in a more appropriate place. It appears to have been an afterthought, and curiously enough the sheets seem to have been severely cut down before being added to copies of the play, with which in consequence they often fail to range.

The title-page of the quarto of *Tom Tyler* dated 1661 bears the words 'The second Impression' and informs us that the play was 'Printed and Acted about a hundred years ago.' Though nothing is now known concerning this earlier edition, there is no reason to doubt the statement, at any rate so far as it refers to the printing. The play is unquestionably an old one for which the printer must have had some early copy. Had his copy been manuscript he would certainly have advertised the piece as new to the press. Moreover the entry "Tom tyler. C[omedy]." occurs in Archer's catalogue of 1656. Kirkman's words imply that the original edition appeared somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century.

The only bibliographer who has ever claimed direct knowledge of this edition is Chetwood who, in his *British Theatre* of 1750, has ‘*Tome Tylere and his Wyfe*, a passing merrie Interlude, 1598.’ No weight whatever can be attached to this entry: the same date is added by Chetwood to a number of plays known to have been printed either earlier or later, and the spelling of the name must be regarded as most suspicious. Nevertheless the information has been freely copied by later bibliographers, and the date has actually been accepted by the editors of the New English Dictionary. One other conjecture only deserves mention; namely a note of Ritson’s in his ‘*Ancient Songs and Ballads*’ (1829, ii. 31). This runs: ‘The following song [Tye the Mare, Tom boy] is particularly alluded to in the “passing merrie Interlude” of “*Tom Tylere and his wyfe*,” first printed in 1578?’ From this source the date 1578 has been copied by Collier and Ward, with the omission of Ritson’s guarded query. But the words “passing merrie Interlude” show that the source of Ritson’s information was Chetwood’s entry, so that the date 1578 can hardly be anything but either a slip for 1598, or, more likely, an attempt to suggest a less improbable year.

The authorship of *Tom Tyler* is unknown. Winstanley ascribed it in the most confident manner to William Wager, the author of *The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art*. Langbaine disbelieved the attribution, but nevertheless mentioned the piece under that author, whose name he accidentally gave as Wayer, an error perpetrated in the *Biographica Dramatica* and the British Museum Catalogue. The ascription hardly deserves discussion.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

5. sport. (sport)	350. beating;
21. (<i>speaker's name</i> Desire.)	364. speed.
33. not (nat cf. l. 138)	380. not, (nat, cf. l. 138)
42. Aud	382. shoulv
45. Ø l	387. greeking? (gleeking? ?)
46. whȝ;	392. better;
54. them,	399. then. (than. cf. l. 281)
63. Fo l	411. Wo worth (The wortl ?)
to you. (you to.?)	418. He fireth in.
90. wond	429. soft;
94. passions; (passion;)	436. T, Tiler.
99. gosspand (gossp and)	447. thon
112. as light (asl ight T.C.C.)	466. of (of)
116. toil, (tile,?)	486. thy (the)
147. witha (?)	497. hood (good)
156. Laron. (Lacon.)	510. never (ne ver B.M., Bodl.)
157. it there: (your chere: ?)	513 c.w. Tipple (<i>Tipple</i> ,)
169. here;	514. How (how)
171. hot,	515. Woulds
175. (a mark like ! after this line probably accidental)	524. W ill
198. you;	533. Strife. (<i>wrongly repeated</i>)
200. tnmbling.	535. woundey (wounded)
203. kuaves	536. back (black?)
205. ue	539. watched
(s.d. belongs to l. 206)	543. ueuer
229. smile, (comma doubtful)	551. you,
241. yet,	552. y ou
246. dñink to you. (dñink you. ? cf. ll. 213-4)	553. perhaps, (perhap,)
249. What (what)	555. yon
309. Tom.	557. wite (?)
316. have :	565. ones, !
319. care, (comma doubtful)	570. me a so (me so ?)
324. guides (grides ?)	571. T, Tyler.
329. of (f damaged)	me,
349. aud	574. ill (all ?)
	579. mnch
	582. me, tho (me tho, ?)

589. tault (?)	749-50. (wrongly indented)
593. striking.	750. deny (denay ?)
594. the	763. follie.
603. <i>Wl</i> ith (?)	804. <i>H</i> ap good hap, will, (<i>H</i> ap that hap will,?)
611. <i>W</i> hen (when)	809. <i>S</i> trife
627. <i>th</i> alt	815. withknaves.
abide (abie)	819. prayer (payer ?)
630. <i>co</i> (to)	822. you.
644. he had . . . he had	827. <i>b</i> aul, (comma doubtful)
648. <i>yon</i>	836. too too
649. <i>you</i> (so B.M., <i>y</i> defaced in Bodl. and T.C.C.)	841. to
650. Tayler, (Tyler,?)	844. ont
659. <i>Stri</i> e.	850. tayler
683. <i>pín</i> .	851. tyler
686. <i>then</i> (than)	853. bid (i.e. bide)
687. <i>it</i> ,	864. <i>kinde.</i> (<i>kinde</i>)
692. <i>heaten</i> (<i>beaten</i>)	867. <i>kiss</i> ,
702. <i>Thomas</i> (<i>Tom</i>)	869. <i>me</i> ,
718. <i>godlīge</i> (<i>godlīge</i> ? i.e. god yield ye)	875. <i>coale</i> (<i>coale.</i>)
<i>merrie</i> (<i>merrie</i>)	876. (not indented)
732. <i>withme.</i>	879. <i>Desteny</i> (<i>Desteny.</i>)
740. <i>Destinie</i> (first <i>i</i> doubtful)	c.w. <i>Desteny</i> (880. <i>Destenie.</i>)
741. <i>live.</i>	882. (not indented)
744. <i>death.</i>	891. all, (period doubtful)
748. <i>passiōn</i> (<i>passiōn.</i>)	

On page 9 the page-number is misplaced, on p. 22 it is misprinted 27.

A list of the characters appears on the verso of the title-page.

TOM TYLER AND His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD
P L A Y,

A S

It was Printed and Acted about a
hundred Years ago.

The second Impression.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1661.

12 TOM TYLER AND His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD
P L A Y,

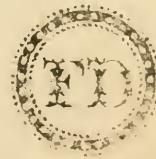
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It was Printed and Acted about a
hundred Years ago.

Together, with an exact Catalogue of all the playes
that were ever yet printed.

The second Impression.

Anonymous.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1661.

1811



MY dutie first in humble wise fulfill'd,
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,
To represent, and eke to make report,
That after me you shall hear merrie sport.
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,
I mean a play set out by prettie boyes.
Whereto we crave your silence and good will,
To take it well: although he wanted skill
That made the same so perfectly to write,
As his good will would further and it might.
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,
For presently yee shall have it in sight.
Nor in my head such cunning doth consist,
They shall themselves declare it as they list.
But my good will I promised them to do,
Which was to come before to pray of you,
To make them room, and silence as you may,
Which being done, they shall come in to play.

Here entreth in Destinie and Desire.

DRepresent the part that men report,
To be a plague to men in many a sort.
Destinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,
In weding or hanging am taken so a so,
Where as indeed the truth is nothing so.
Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine,
The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.
Desire. I am glad I met you.
Destinie. Whither set you?
Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,
To tell you such newes, as I cannot chuse.
Destinie. I pray you what is that?
Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?
Destinie. Yes Harry, what than?
Desire. He made sute to me, his friend soz to be,
To set him a wife, to lead a good life.
And so I contented, and was well contented,

FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

TOM TYLER

AND

His Wife.

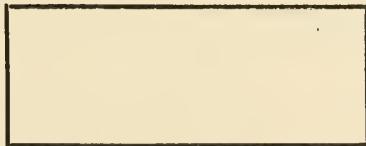
AN EXCELLENT OLD

P L A Y,

AS

It was *Printed* and *Acted* about a
hundred Years ago.

The second Impression.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1661.

The names of the Players.

Destinie, A sage Parson.

Desire, The Vice.

Tom Tyler, A labouring Man.

Strife, Tom Tylers Wife.

Sturdie, A Gossip.

Typple, An Ale-wife.

Tom Tayler, An Artificer.

Patience, A sage Parson.

¶ THE PROLOGUE.

MY dutie first in humble wise fulfill'd,
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,
To represent, and eke to make report,
That after me you shall hear merrie sport.
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,
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10

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20

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In weddng or hanging am taken for a so,
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The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.
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Destinie. Whither set you?
Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,
To tell you such newes, as I cannot chuse. . . .
Destinie. I pray you what is that?
Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?
Destinie. Yes Marry, what than?
Desire. He made sute to me, his friend for to be,
To get him a wife, to lead a good life.
And so I consented, and was well contented,

30

To help him to woo, with all I could do.
And married he is.

40 Destinie. But what for all this?

Desire. Marry that shall you know, his wife is a shrow,
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.

Wherefore he speaks shame of thee and my name.

Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,
Of your deeds be noughtie, what am I faultie?

I know no cause why;

Desire. No more do I.

I did my good will, and though he sped ill,

I care not a flie.

50 Destinie. Let them two trie.

They march as they can, the wife and good man,

In wealth or in wo, as matters do go.

And let us not mind, their lot to unbind,

But rather forget them,

Desire. Marry so let them.

For as for my part, though it long to my Art

Mens hearts to inflame, their fancies to frame

When they have obtained, I am not constrained
To do any more.

60 Destinie. Content thee therefore,

And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.

And let us away, as fast as we may,

For I fear he come to you.

Desire. Marry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.

The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,

That wedding and hanging is destiny.

A Song. I Am a poor Tyler in simple array,

I And get a poor living, but eight pence a day,

70 My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;

And I cannot help it, she saith; wot ye why,

For wedding and hanging is destiny.

I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep,

At boord to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.

She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep;

But

But I dare say nothing god wot, wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging is destiny.
Besides this unkindnesse whereof my grief grows,
I think few Tylers are matcht with such shwos;
Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows
Which early and late doth cause me cry,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.
The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,
The more I forbear her, the more she doth strike me,
The more that I get her the more she doth glike me;
Wo worth this ill Fortune that maketh me crie
That wedding and hanging is destinie.
If I had been hanged when I had been married,
My torments had ended, though I had miscarried;
If I had been warned, then wold I have tarried;
But now all to lately I feel and crie,
That wedding and hanging is destinie.

The song ended, Tom Tyler speaketh

T. Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions;
By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my wife,
To leade such a life, with sorrow and grief,
As I tell you true, is to bad for a Jew.
She hath such skill, to do what she will,
To gossipand to swill, when I fare but ill.
I must work sore, I must get some more,
I must still send it, and she will still spend it,
I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.
What shoule I say, but high me away,
And do my work duly, where ich am paid truly?
For if my wife come, up goeth my bomme,
And she shoule come hither, and we met together,
I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.
I therefore will go hie me, and to my work plie me,
As fast as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out. 110
Strife. Alasse silly man;
What a husband have I, as light as a flie?
I leap and I skip, I carry the whip,

And

110 And I bear the bell; If he please me not well,
I will take him by the pole, by cocks precious soul
I will make him to toil, when I laugh and smile;
I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,
And make him to find all things to my mind.
And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind,
120 And fain my self sick; there is no such trick,
To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.
I will teach him to know the way to Dunnroe.
At bord and at bed, I will crack the knaves head,
If he look but awry, or cast a sheeps eye:
So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,
To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.
And in the mean season, I will have my own reason;
And no man to controle me, to pil or to pole me,
Which I love of life.

130 Sturdie. God speed gossip Strife. Sturdie entreth.
Strife. Well met Goodwise Sturdie, both welcom and
And ever I thank ye. worthie
Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,
Ye are dew old huddle.
Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.
But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,
Let us have some chat.
Sturdie. Marry why nat?
For I am come hither, to gossip together,
140 For I drank not to day.
Strife. So I hear say.
But I tell you true, I thought not of you,
Yet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,
With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine,
If that thou wilt tarry.
Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Mary;
Else were I a fool. Here entreth Tipple, with a
Tip. Marrie here is good rule. pot in her hand, and a piece
A sight of good guesse. of Bacon.
150 Strife. Never a one lesse, now Tipple is come.
Tipple. And here is good bum, I dare boldly say.
Sturdie.

Sturdie. Why had not I come of this tother day?

Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.

Come, where shall we sit? and here is a bit

Of a Gammon of Bacon.

Strife. Well said by Laron.

Sit down even here, and fall to it there:

I would it were better for ye;

As long lives a merry heart as a foxie.

Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he?

160

Strife. What carest thou where a dolt should be.

And where is your good man?

Tipple. Foxsooth nougat at home, he is abrod for pence.

Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,

Least my good man do misse me.

Strife. I would teach him John come kisse me,

If the dolt were mine.

Sturdie. Alas are you so fine!

Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here;

Strife. What and if he did?

170

Tipple. Marrie God forbid, the house would be too hot,

Strife. Now by this pewter pot,

And by this dyink I will dyink now,

God knows what I think now.

Sturdie. What think you Gossip Strife?

Strife. I had rather then my life,

My husband would come hither,

That we might busk together,

Ye should see how I could tame him.

Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,

180

If that he were displeased?

Strife. He shall be soон appeased,

If either he gaspeth or glometh.

Tom Tiler

Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh.

cometh in.

Away, by the Malle away, he will us all else fray.

Tom. These summer daies be verie dyie.

Strife. Yea, that is a devil a lie.

A knave, what dost thou here?

Tom. Ich shoud have a pot of beer, & go to work again.

Strife.

190 Strife. Yea knave, shall honest men
Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,
To loyter to and fro? I will teach thee for to know
How fast the houres go. One, two, and three.
T. Tiler. I pray thee let be. She beateth him.

Strife. Four, five and six; Lord, that I had some sticks,
I would clapper claw thy bones,
To make you tell your stomes,
The wosser while I know you;
T. Tiler. Good wife I besyew you;

200 I pray you leabe tymbling.
Strife. Yea knave are you mumbling?
Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,
Till the blood go about.

T. Tiler. Now our Lord keep me out, *Tom Tiler goeth out.*
From this wicked wife.

Sturdie. Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;
Strife. Hold your peace fool, it is no newes for me;
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.

210 Tipple. Here is good beer, quaff and be merrie.
Strife. I am half wearie with chiding alreadie.
Sturdie. Keep your brains steddie,
And fall to your drynking.

Tipple. May fall to singing, and let us go dance.
Strife. By my troth chance, and let us begin,
Rise up gossips, and I will bring you in.

¶ Here they sing.

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,
More morter for Tom Tiler.*

220 **A**s many as match themselves with shrowdes, *Strife*
Amay hap to carrie away the blowes, *Singeth this staff.*
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
As many a Tyde both ebs and flowes,
So many a misfortune comes and goes,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though

Tipple singeth Though Tilers clime the house to tile,
this staffe. They must come down another while,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though many a one do seem to smile,
When Geese do wink, they mean some gile,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Sturdie singeth Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,
this staffe. Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,
But teach her Tom another song. Here they end singing,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler. and Tipple speaketh.

Tipple. Alas poor Tom, his Cake is dow.
Sturdie. Ye may see what it is to meet with a shrow.
And now we have soong this merry fit,

Let us now leave gossiping yet,
Strife. Hold your peace fooles, ye have no wit
Fill in and spare not, swill in, I care not.
This drinx is ipse, to make us all tispe.
And now gossip Sturdie, if I may be so worshie,
Half this I drinx to you.

Sturdie. The headache will sting you, I fear me anon,
Therefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.

Strife. Tipple, What say you, will you drinx no more?

Tipple. I have tippled sore I promise you plain,
Yet once and no more, have at you again.

Strife. Ho, pray God, ho.
Sturdie. So, So, So, So.

Here they sing again.

Another Song.

*The Mill a, the Mill a,
So merily goes the mery Mill a.*

Let us slip, and let it slip,
And go which way it will a,
B

Let

260 Let us trip, and let us skip,
 And let us drinx our fill a.
 Take the cup, and drinx all up,
 Give me the can to fill a:
 Every sup, and every cup,
 Hold here, and my good will a.
 Gossyp mine, and Gossyp thine,
 Now let us Gossyp fill a:
 Here is good wine, this Ale is fine,
 Now drinx of which you will a.
 270 Round about, till all be out,
 I pray you let us swill a:
 This jelly grout, is jelly and stout;
 I pray you stout it fill a.
 Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
 Good drinkers think none ill a:
 Here is your bag, here is your staffe,
 Be packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and *Tipple* speaketh first.

Tipple. So merily goes the merie mill a ;
 280 Hold, here is my can.
 Sturdie. Nay I beshrow my hart than,
 I must depart, therefore adew.
 Strife. Then tarrie and take us all with you.
 Come Gossyps, come. Here they go all in, and
 Tom Tiler cometh out.
 T. Tiler. I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my de-
 (gree,
 Yet many have need of me, to keep them clean and dry;
 And specially in the Summer time
 290 To pin their tiles, and make their lime,
 And tile their houses to keep out rain,
 Being well rewarded for my pain.
 And where I work by week or day,
 I truly earn it and they truly pay;
 I would desire no better life;

Except

Except that God would change my wife.
If she were gone, and I were free,
What tiler then were like to mee?

For howsoever I travel, she uses me like a Javel,
And goeth from house to house, as dyunk as a mouse;
Giving and granting, checking and taunting,
Bragging and vaunting, flouting and flaunting.
And when I come homie, she makes me a mome;
And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thomib,
With contrary biting too dear of reciting.

But this is the end, if I could get a friend
Some council to give me, you would not believe me
How glad I would be.

Enter Tom Tayler.

T. Tiler. The wiser man he. Tom. Tiler how now?

T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?

Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,
Tayler-like I tell you.

T. Tyler. Ah sirra I smell you.
You have your hearts eale, to do what you please,
But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.

Tayler. Marrie that is well. But what if I have?

T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly good turn,
While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill fare?

Tayler. In faith I do not care,
But what meanest thou by this?

T. Tiler. To live in some blisse, and be rid of my wife.

Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?

T. Tiler. When I come in her clawes,
She guides me for ever; but help me now or never,
As I told thee before,
Put her in hell, and I care for no more.

Tayler. Why foolish knave, what hell should I have?
With a wild evil am I a Devil?
Thou art out of thy wit.

T. Tiler. No bum fay not yet, though I am vexed with a

330
(fit

Of a liberal wife, that will shorthen my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evil;
 For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.
 And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,
 Which cannot do well, and therefore meeter for hell,
 Then here to remain.

Tayler. If the matter be so plain;
 Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way
 340 By words to intreat her, and after to beat her
 If she will not be ruled.

T. Tiler. She is to well schooled with too many shrowes
 To receive any blowes, never think so.

Tayler. If she be such a shrow, somthing at her throw.
 Stand to it foolish calf, I will be thy half.
 What will she fight?

T. Tiler. Yea her fingers be very light
 And that do I find, her checks be so unkind.
 Alwayes and ever, she is pleased never,
 350 But fuming and freating, buffeting and beating;
 Of this my silly costard.

Tayler. A hoolson costard. And what dost thou than?

T. Tiler. Like a pooz man,
 Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Tayler. Now of mine honestie I like thee the better.
 And wouldest thou let her?

T. Tiler. Yea, and so would you, I tell you true,
 If you were in my case.

Tayler. Nay then by Gods grace,
 360 I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceive
 By any such sort, ye shall see a good sport.
 Put off thy coat and all thy apparel;
 And for thy quarrel I will make speed.
 And put on thy weed, come on and unray thee.

T. Tiler. And what now I pray thee.

Tayler. Come give me the rest.

T. Tiler. I wene you do jest. What mean you by this?

Tayler. No harm sir I wis.
 Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,
 370 Now am I well armed if now I be harmed,

I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tiler ;
Now Thomas my friend, this is the end ;
You say your wife will fight, her fingers be so light ;
If she have such delight, I will conjure the sprite,
If she come neer, while I tarrie here.
Therefore stand by, and when thou hearest me crie,
Come help me to cheer me.

T. Tiler. Nay I must not come neer thee, Here *Tom Tiler*
Be certain of that. goeth in a while.

Tayler. Well if you will not, make no more debating. 380
Strife. Yea Knave are ye prating? Enter *Strife*.
When you shoulb be at work, do you loiter and lurk?
Take that for your labour.

Tayler. Nay faith by your favour I will pay you again,
There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Yea Knave are you striking?

Tayler. Yea whore, are ye greeking?

Strife. In faith ye Knave I will cool you.

Tayler. In faith ye whore I will rule you.

Strife. Yea Knave are ye so fresh?

390

Tayler. Yea whoore I will plague your flesh.

Strife. And I will displease thee a little better;

Tayler. And in faith I will not die thy debter.

How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Patch.

Ah Knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Tayler. Yea marrie, I love this gear alise.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Tayler. Kneel down and ask me forgiveneſſ then.

Strife. Ah whooſon Knave my bones is ſore.

400

Tayler. Ah unhappy whore; do ſo then no more.

Strife. I pray thee be ſtill, thou ſhalt have thy will.

I will do ſo no more, I am ſorrie therefore.

I will never more ſtrike, nor profer the like,

Alas I am killed.

Tayler. Nay thou art ilwilled as thou hast been e-

(ver.
But

But trouble me never, I advise thee again.

For I will bain thee then.

410 Now praise at thy parting.

Strife. Wo worsh overwharting that ever I knew,
I am beaten so blew, and my gall is all burst.

I thought at the first he had been a dolt.

But I bidled a Colt of a contrarie hare,
Soure saunce is now my chear.

Therefore I will away, for I get nought by this play;
And get me to bed, and dresse up my head.

I am so sore beaten with blowes. He fireth in.

Tayler. It is hard matching with shrowes.

420 I see well enough the Damsel was tough,

And loth for to bend. But I think in the end

I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?

That he may know how all matters do stand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here sir at hand. How now
(Tom Tayler?)

Tayler. Much ado to quail her.

But I beleeve my girds do her grieve,

I dare be bold, she longs not to scold,

Noz use her old spozt, in such devilish sort;

430 T. Tiler. I pray thee why so?

Tayler. I have made her so wo, so black and so blew,

I have changed her hew and made her to bend;

That to her lives end she will never offend

In word nor in deed. Therefore now take heed

She strike thee no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will stroke thee therefore;

And Tom God a mercy.

Tayler. She looked arse versie at her first coming in,

And so did begin with sowring of showes,

440 And fell to fair blowes.

But then I behide me, and she never spide me;

What I was I am sure. Therefore get thee to her;

And get thee to bed, whatsoever is laid

And care not a straw, for thou hast her in awe.

She

She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,
Nor give thee any ill woyd at bed and at boord,
But grunting and groning, thou shalt find her moning
Her piteous case with a saint Johns face,
I warrant well painted, for I stroke till she fainted,
And paid her for all ever,
Till she said she would never be churlish again.

450

T. Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel then;
And if I be able, without any fable
I will quit thee.

Tayler. If she crossebite thee,
Hence forth evermore, helwinge her therefore,
And keep her up short, from all her old spoyt.
And she will not be ruled, let her be cooled.

T. Tiler. But I dare say, she will think of this day,
All her life long.

460

Tayler. Shall we have then a good song,
For joy of this glee betwixt her and thee?

T. Tiler. By my troth if you will, I shall fulfil
As much as I can.

Tayler. Let us sing than
The tying of the Mare, that went out of square.

T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they sing.

*Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,
Left she stray from thee away;
Tie the mare Tomboy.*

470

Tom Tiler singeth.

Tom might be merrie, and well might fare,
But for the haltering of his Mare,
Which is so wicked to fling and fle,
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tailer singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,
His mare doth praunce, his mare doth kick;

She

480 *She snoxts and holds her head so hie,*
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom crie hayt, or Tom crie hoe,
His mare will straight give Tom a bloe.
Where she doth bait, Tom shall abie.
Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such spoyt,
I give thee councel to keep her shoxt.
490 *If she be coltish, make her to crie.*
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and *Tom Tayler* first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,
Let her run no more at large.
But now she is so well framed,
If she do ill you must be blamed,
Therefore take hood heed.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indeed.
And I thank you for your pain,
500 As I am bound I tell you plain.
Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, *Tom Tayler go-*
Till you come where I do dwell. *eth in.*

T. Tiler. Ah sirra this is trim, that my wife is coold
(by him.)
I marvel how she took the matter ;
And how she will look when I come at her ;
And whether she be well or sick ;
For my part I doe not stick
To do my dutie as I ought,
510 Yet will I never die for thought,
I will go hie me home. *Tom Tayler goeth in.*

Here entereth *Sturdie* and *Tipple*.

Sturdie. Farewell good honest mome.

Tipple

Tipple, How likest thou this match?
Wouldst thou have thought the Patch,
Would have beat his wife so black and blew from top to
(toe

Being such a simple fool?

Tipple. Belike he hath learned in a new school
Whereto I cannot chuse but lasse,
The still Sow eateth up all the drafte.
Beware of such wily Pies.

Sturdie. But she, an she be wise,
Will seek some way to rook him.

Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the
(better.

Sturdie. If she can do so, let her;
I dare be bold to say, she will do what she may.

Lo here she cometh creeping,

Alas for wo and weeping,
The truth will now appear.

Strife. Alas and well away.

Strife. How ill have I been used, my bones be all to
(bused.

My flesh is plagued hly, and my head is woundey hly.
My arms be back and blew, and all my sides be new.

Sturdie. Though all this be with you Gossip, discom-
(fort never.

Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.
But trust his hands no more.

Strife. Alas I am so soze,
I can neither stand nor sit, but am beside my wit;
And never well apaide, till that I may be laid
To ease me on my bed.

Sturdie. Bind this about your head,
And hardly lay you down, we must into the town;
And after that, surely then we will come to you again;
And I pray you be of good cheer.

Tipple. I am sorry to see you here
In such unhappy case, but take some heart of grace,

550

Good

C

Good Gossip I pray you,
 Strife. Alas neighbours, I stay y ou
 From your businelle perhaps, but I will take a nap,
 If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. Then we will see yon again by and by.

Sturdie and Tippie goeth out, and Tom Tiler cometh in.

T. Tiler. I heard say my wife is abominable sick,
 Indeed she was beat with an unhappy stick,
 Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,
 560 That is well said I will get me to bed,
 And lay me hard by her, and yet not too neare her,
 For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,
 For ussing me so.

Strife. Dut alas, O, O,
 My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones, !
 Alas, alas, I die. O husband, husband why,
 Why have you done so ? I was never your foe,
 So much as you make me, and so you may take me,
 If I have you offended, it shall be amended.

570 Alas wherefore shold ye heate me a so soare ?

T, Tyler. You would be still never, but buffet me,
 (ever,

And Gossip at will, when I must work still.
 And take ill your pleasure, and brail without measure
 And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,
 God sendeth now, short hornes to a curst Cow.
 I come home merrily, when you sit verely
 Lowring and pouting, knawing and lowting.
 And I was your noddy, as much as no body.

580 Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,
 Should beare with my folly, and you being holly,
 Might councel me, tho not beating me so.
 I thought I should find, you loving and kinde,
 And not of this minde.
 For us to wax foes, for such crewel blowes,
 I tell you plaine, I married my bane,

When

When I married thee, as far as I see.

T. Tiler. Wife I am sorry, this ill is besalne ye.
But I tell you true, the fault was in you.
For till this day, I dare boldlie say,
I never did proffer you such an offer ;
It was your owne seeking.

Strife. I behrew such striking.
So close by the ribs, you may strike your tibs
So, well enough.

T. Tiler. This rage and this ruffe
Need not to be, wife if ye love me,
Let us agree, in love and amitie,
And do so no more, I am sorry therefore.
I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge,

600

Should happen to be, between you and me.

Strife. Alas, I may mone I might have been woone
With half these strokes, but curstnesse provokes
Kind hearts to dislever, and hatred for ever
Most commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye ;
While we two have life.

T. Tiler. By my halidome Wife ;
Because you say so, now shall ye know
If you will content you, that I do lament you.
For I will tell you true, When I saw you
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever crossebiting,
Which made me still wo, that you shold thus do ;
At last hereafter, I complainid the matter
To Tom Tayler my Master, who taking a waster
Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know it ;
And so being disguised, he interprised
To come in my steed ; and having my weed
You pleading your passion after the old fashon ;
Thinking it was I, stroke him by and by,
Then straight did he in steed of me,
Currie your bones, as he laid for the nones,
To make you obey.

610

620

Strife. Is it even so as you say?
 Gods fish you Knave, did you send such a slave
 To revenge your quarrel in your apparel?
 Thou sh alt abide as dearlie as I.
 I thought by this place, thou hadst not the face
 To beat me so soye. Have at thee once moxe.

630 I now war fresh to plague a Knaves flesh
 That hath so plagued me, for everie blow thare.
 Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.
 Ah whorson Dolt, thou whorson subtle Colt;
 Son of an Ox, how like you your knocks?
 The pils and the por, and the poison in box
 Consume such a Knave, and bring him to grave.
 The Crows and the Pies, and the verie flesh flies
 Desire to plague thee. In faith I will plague thee.
 T. Tiler. O wife, wife, I pray thee save my life.
 640 You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,
 For Gods sake content thee.

Strife. Nay thou shalt repent thee,
 That ever Tom Tayler, that Russian and railer
 Was set to beat me, he had better he had eat me;
 I hope for to find some toller so kind
 To currie that Knave, for the old grudge I have,
 As now I do thee; there is one moxe for me.
 Kneel down on your knee, yon hoddie doddee;
 I will make you to stoop, though you set cock on hoop
 650 For joy of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.
 Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,
 Like an alle as you be.

T. Tiler. Why should you strike me
 For another mans fault?
 Strife. Because thou art naught,
 And he a vile Knave. Enter Sturdie
and Tipple.
 Sturdie. What more can ye have?
 Enough is enough, as good as a feast.
 660 Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet moxe like a beast.
 Tipple. Gossip content thee, and strike him no moxe.
 T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. All the wold wonders upon her therefore.

Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her sight.

T. Tiler. Alas she hath almost kild me out right.

I will rather die then see her again. Go in *T. Tiler.*

Strife. I promise you, I have a great losse then,

How like ye now this last overthwarting?

It is an old saying, praise at the parting.

I think I have made the Cullion to wryng.

I was not beaten so black and blew,

But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish,

This chaking hath made me as whole as a fish.

And now I dare boldly be merrie again.

Sturdie. By saint Mary you are the happier then.

My neighbour and I, might hap to abie,

If we shold so do, as he suffereth you;

But we commend you.

Strife. I can now intend you,

To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my staff,

To dance or to sing.

670

Tipple. There were no such thing, after this madness.

Sturdie. And ye say it in sadness,

Let us set in, on a merrie pin.

The storie of the strife, between Tom and his wife,

As well as we can.

Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in?

For I can best do it,

Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

680

Here they sing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,

690

The Tylers wife of our Town,

Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

Tom Tiler was a trifeler,
And fain would have the skill

To

To practise with Tom Tayler,

To break his Wives will.

Tom Tayler got the victorie,

Till Tylers Wife did know,

700 It was a point of subteltie;

Then Tom was beat for wo.

Thomas Tilers Wife laid evermore

I will full merrie make,

And never trust a man no more

For Thomas Taylers sake.

But if Tom Tiler give a stroke,

Perhaps if he be stout,

He shall then have his costard broke,

Till blood go round about.

710 Though some be sheep, yet some be showes,

Let them be fools that lust:

Tom Tilers wife will take no blows,

No more then needs she must.

If Tom be wise, he will beware,

Before he make his match,

To do no further then he dare,

Here they end

For fear he prove a Patch. singing.

Strife. Gossips, godlige for this merrie song;

Pray God we may long keep such merrie glee.

720 Sturdie. Ye marrie say we,

God grant all wifes, to lead the like lives

That you do now.

Tipple. I know not how that may come to passe,

But by the Malle, good handling doth much.

Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.

Sturdie. Would God I could plant,

My eye-lids in such sort, to make such a sport,

And live so at ease, to do what I please.

Tipple. Alwaises the Seas

730 Be not like mild, but wanton and wild

Sometime more higher, then need shall require;

So may the hap be with you and withme.

Strife.

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,
And let us away, for I dare say,
Tom Tiler is gone to make his mone,
After these strokes, like a wise Coaks;
But all is one.

Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.
Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and *Tom Tayler, Tom Tiler, and Destinie* enter. 740

T. Tiler. If Destinie drive poor Tom for to live,
For ever in strife with such an ill wife;
Then Tom may complain, no more to remain
Here on the earth, but rather wish death.
For this is too bad.

Tayler. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?

T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.

After the old fashion, pleading on passion
If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it.

If Destinie say it, I cannot deny it.

Destinie. Nor I cannot stay it. 750
For when thou wilst born, thy luck was forlorn.
Therefore content thee, and never repent thee.

T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee.
For I am sure you know, I charmed your shrow,
With such cruel blowes, by the faith that now goes
I thought she would die.

T. Tiler. Then happie were I.

Tayler. And a good caule why,
But you may now go for bacon to Dunnio. 760

T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know, of Destinie now;
How long and how my life shall it passe.

Tayler. Why foolish asse, that were but a follie.
For he is too hollie to tell any news.

Destinie. I do not use, to tell oxe I strike,
I suddenly gleet, oxe men be aware.

Tayler. Then I can declare if I look in thy hand,
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. Here, do what ye list.

770 Tayler. By my troth I wist it, and have not mist it.
He striketh him on the cheek.

By the sign that here goes, you are born to take blowes.
Tannie, let me look again.

Tom Tyler. Nay beshrew my heart then.

Tayler. Aske Destinie hereby, and I make a lie.

Destinie. No, you do not indeed.

T. Tyler. Then I will change my weed,
And tyle it no more, if my chance be so sore,
As you two doe make it.

780 Destiny. We do not mistake it,
Thereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,
Five foot from the ground, ye shall never be drownd.
So if you be borne, to hold with the horne,
How soever your wife set it, you cannot let it.
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,
Take this for verity, all is but your destiny.
And though your deedes probe naught,
Yet am I not in fault.

790 T. Tiler. Then let me be taught, how to eschew,
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.

Destiny. Yea, but who can instruct you thereon?
For all is no more then I have said before.
But howsoever it be, learn this of me,
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,
It shall never grieve you.

Tayler. No faith, I believe you,
That is even all. He that loves thall,
It were pittie he shoud lack it.

800 T. Tyler. Then I must pack it
Between the coat and the skin,
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,
Since I am married with Strife,
Hap good hap, will, hap good, hap evill;
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler.

Tayler. That is a wise way.

Never set at thy heart, thy wifes churlish part,
That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to feel.

It would grieve any Saint.

Enter Strife.

Strife. Take a pensil, and paint your words in a table, 810
That the foole may be able to know what to doe.

Desteny. Here is one comes to woo,

By the Masse I will not tary. *Desteny goeth in.*

Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye,
To stand prating with knaves.

Tayler. Hack how she raves, she longues for a whip.

Strife. Ye faith good man blabberlip.

You pricklouse knave you, have you nothing to do
At home with your shreds? a prayer of wise heads

I promise you you have. But you doltish knave,

Come home, or I will fetch you.

820

Tayler. Now a halter stretch you.

And them that sent you.

Enter Patience.

Paciene. Good friendes, I pray you content you.

Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee good wife?

Be patient for all.

Strife. And shall the knave baul,
And make discord to be, betweene my husband and me.

Paciene. Why so? are you he
That setteth debate, and disposed to prate?

830

I pray you be still.

Tayler. Marry with a good will.
As God shall save me, I did behave me
As well as might bee, as these folkes did see.
Till this gigish dame, into this place came
But she is too too bad.

Patience. And I count him mad,
That for any fit, will compare his wit,
And with a foolish woman to wander,
He is as wise as a Gander.

840

You are too much to blame, and you to for shame,
Leave your old canker, and let your sheet anker

D

Be

Be alwayes to hold, where I patience am bold
 If things hap awry, to fall ont by and by,
 It doth not agree, though Desteny be
 Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,
 In wealth and in wo, I am sure you know,
 There shold be no strike, betweene man and wife
 And thus my tale endes, I would have you all friends

850 And I would have Tom tayler to be no tayler,
 Nor Tom tyler to chide, which I cannot abide.
 Nor his wife for to shew, any prankes of a shrew.
 T. Tyler. Ich would god it were so, for I bid the wo.
 Ich wish it for my part, even with all my heart.
 For howsoever it goes, I heare the blowes,
 Which I tell you I like not.

Tayler. Though I chide, I strike not,
 Your Mastership doth see.
 Strife. I behzew his knaves heart, that last stroke me.

860 Patience. Well once againe let this foolishnes be.
 And as I told you, so I pray you hold you,
 For I will not away, till I set such a stay,
 To make you gree friendly, that now chake unkindly.
 Come on Strife I finde, your churlich kinde.
 You must needes bridle, if it be possible,
 For els it were vaine, to take any paine.
 Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him kist,

Strife. If Patience intreat me,
 I will though Tom beate me,

870 T. Tyler. Well wife, I thanke you.
 Patience. Nay whither away prank you?
 Tom Tayler also, shall you kis ere you go,
 And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kist both the endes.

Tayler. Nay, there a hoate coale

Patience. Now see this wilde Foale.

Be quiet I pray you, for therfore I stay you.
 And Desteny to thee, thou must also agree,
 As well as the rest.

Enter Desteny
 Desteny

Destenie. I think it so best. Now speak alto-
Be you agreed all? ther, except Pati-
All speak. We are, and we shall. ence.
Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,
And I will lead the dance.
Come sing after me, and look we agree.

Here they sing this Song.

A Song.

PAtience entreateth good fellows all,
Where Folly beateth to break their brawll,
Where wills he wilfull, and Fortune thall,
A patient party perswadeth all. 890

Though Strife be sturdy to move debate,
As some unworthy have done of late.
And he that worst may the candel carry,
If Patience pray thee, do never barry.

If scoward Fortune hap so awrie,
To make thee marry by Destenie,
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience perforce if thou endure, 900
It will be better thou mayest be sure,
In wealth or wo, howsoever it ends,
Wheresoever ye go, be patient Friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this Song
following all alone with instruments, and all the rest with-
in sing between every staffe, the first two lines.

The concluding Song.

910 *When sorrowes be great, and hap awry,
Let Reason intreat thee patiently.*

A Song.

Though pinching be a privie pain,
To want desire that is but vain.
Though some be curst, and some be kind
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

Who sits so hie, who sits so low?
Who feels such joy, that feels no wo?
When hale is bad, good boote is ny
Take all adventures patiently.

920 To marrie a sheep, to marrie a shwo,
To meet with a friend, to meet with a foe,
These checks of chance can no man flee,
But God himself that rules the skie.

Which God preserve our Noble Queen,
From perilous chance that hath been seen,
And send her Subjects grace lay I,
To serve her Hignesse patiently.

God save the Queen.

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